

Only and always

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Only and always

Sheamus swiped the keycard and opened the door, holding it to allow Wade to enter. After the excitement of the Hall of Fame and the buzz of Axxess, his lover was a little subdued. Only to be expected really with all that was ahead of them for the next few days. He could but hope that the little surprise waiting for him would help to lift his mood.

He'd feigned a forgotten wallet when they had stepped out of their suite earlier, taking the moment to duck back and slip the two pale gold boxes from their hiding place and place them carefully on the foot of the bed. It was still early enough for them to be able to enjoy what they held, early enough for them to create some special Wrestlemania memories of their first as a couple.

Closing the door behind him, Shea made a beeline for the minibar, grabbing two tumblers and the bottle of whiskey he'd brought with him before joining Wade on the sofa. The Englishman had shed his jacket and was sitting with his arms stretched out across the back of the couch, his white shirt still crisp, tie still impeccable. Not for the first time, not even for the first time that night, the redhead silently thanked the universe in general for the man he now shared his life with.

Earning a stunning smile by the effort of nothing more than taking a seat next to his man, Sheamus placed the glasses on the coffee table and poured them both a decent measure. He handed Wade one and raised his own in a toast.

"SlÃ¡inte."

Wade tapped his tumbler against his boyfriend's.

"Cheers."

"I can hear you thinking from over here. What's on your mind?"

"Just thinking about tomorrow...and Monday."

Shea laid a gentle hand on Wade's knee.

"You know nothing else changes don't you? I mean, you're not worried about that are you? Me and you...we're still us...aren't we? Unless youâ€¦"

Wade covered the Irishman's hand with his own.

"What? No! God no."

Sheamus breathed a soft sigh of relief, turning over his hand and lacing his fingers with Wade's.

"Thank fuck. Gonna be weird just the three of us now, but as long as I've still got my Mrs O to come home to, I'll get by."

A light flush crept over Wade's cheeks at the memories that most private of pet names stirred up. It didn't go unnoticed by Sheamus who followed the path of the rosy blush with the back of his fingers.

Wade leaned into his touch.

Sheamus stood, gently pulling the younger man to his feet. Grabbing the whiskey bottle and indicating to Wade to lift his glass and follow, he made his way wordlessly into the bedroom.

"Wh..what's all this?"

Wade's tone was charmingly confused as the boxes caught his eye the moment he stepped into the room.

"I believe I promised to replace a certain intimate article of yours that I allegedly ruined."

The flush that had never died away deepened as Wade set his glass on the dressing table behind him and moved closer to the bed. He hesitated for a brief moment, hand hovering over the wider of the two packages for a second before tugging on the honey coloured broad satin ribbon to untie the bow holding it closed.

Setting aside the lid, he revealed a froth of creamy white tissue paper, peeling back the layers with a light touch until the contents were revealed at last.

Wade lifted the garment out, delicate sheer fabric cascading from his hands. He turned his head to Shea as he felt the familiar touch of the other man's hand at the small of his back.

"A robe?"

"Yes...and no. The saleswoman told me it's called a peignoir."

"The saleswoman? Wait. You went into a store and bought this?"

"A boutique. Only the best for you lover. She was a lovely lady, said it was a crying shame that more gentlemen didn't take the care to buy proper lingerie for their wives anymore. Assured me that all this would make you feel like a new bride againâ€¦I didn't have the heart to say anything."

He took the peignoir from Wade's hold and laid it out on the bed, taking a seat on the edge of the mattress as Wade lifted the next item from the tissue. The champagne hued satin knickers were trimmed with the same wide sheer lace as the robe. A matching camisole came next and joined the other pieces on the bed, leaving one last glimpse of fabric peeking out from under the final layer of rustling tissue.

Clueless as to what it could possibly be Wade peeled back the covering layer, aware of Sheamus leaning forward just a touch. His eyes widened at the reveal.

"Oh Jamesâ€¦"

"Is it too much? You don't have to...none of it if you don't wantâ€¦"

The strains of Hellfire drifting in from the sitting room interrupted him.

"Fuck...that'll be the office...I'm gonna have to take this."

Planting a kiss on Wade's cheek as he passed, Sheamus went off in search of his phone. Taking advantage of Shea's absence from the room, Wade gathered the pile of delicate silk and lace, and the smaller box he had yet to open and made his way into the bathroom.

Placing them gently on the wide vanity, he sat down on the closed toilet seat, overwhelmed by his racing thoughts.

He had started this. Sure, Sheamus had made that drunken comment, but it was Wade who had run with it, made a joke out of being the little woman at home just waiting to please their man. He never imagined for a moment that Sheamus would have been so turned on by the sight of him in what was actually pretty tame underwear, or that he himself would have been so aroused by the feel of the fabric against his skin or by the hunger in Shea's gaze.

He hadn't expected this.

His eyes flickered to the garments beside the sink.

They were beautiful. Delicate things that would, just as the saleswoman had promised, make any woman feel like a new bride on her wedding night once more.

What if that's what Sheamus truly wanted?

A woman. Sweet curves and softly rounded breasts to mould to his lean

muscle, smooth fragrant skin to soothe his coarse hair and scars, a hot wet pussy ready to welcome him, a fertile womb to maybe even carry his child.

He couldn't give him that.

There had been women before. There had been women before for both of them. There had been women, and then there had been them. Always coming back to each other, nights ending with two close mates helping each other out, times when the best option in the bar was the guy standing next to him. Nights when stumbling through the door and tumbling into bed together felt like coming home.

Only with Sheamus. Only and always with the tall pale man he'd first laid eyes on a lifetime ago.

Swiftly slipping out of his clothes Wade pushed the traitorous doubts to the back of his mind. His James wanted him and he wanted his James just as badly. After what was to come on Monday, they would have to be circumspect in their affections, even the very idea of sneaking around seeming alien after the past six glorious months of their newfound love.

Tonight though...they would make memories tonight.

Stepping into the dainty knickers, Wade felt a frisson of pleasure, the fluted fabric whispering over his tanned thighs as he arranged them into position.

Without hesitation, he reached into the box, drawing out the final garment. If Shea had chosen this, he wanted to see his Mrs O in it. In all honesty, Wade was more than a little curious about what he would look in the boned basque himself.

He was no stranger to the piece of intimate engineering he held in his hands, familiar enough to recognise that the corset was cut a little longer to better suit his tall frame and familiar enough to work out how to undo the metal fastenings that ran down the front, though all his prior exposure had been from the other side, so to speak.

Wrapping the bodice around his torso, he began to hook the two sides closed, working from the bottom upwards, fresh tremors of excitement starting to percolate through his body with each inch of skin hidden away behind the stiff lacy fabric.

It was less constrictive than he had anticipated, the boned panels of the corset embracing rather than restraining the contours of his muscled chest. Wade had no idea how Shea had managed to get the sizing so right, but he had. No adjustments were required to the ribbon lacing that graced the back of the piece and the style, being almost flat at the front, sat perfectly against Wade's pecs, no empty gaping cups making a mockery of the elegant ensemble.

He slipped on the sheer lacy robe, the wide bell shaped sleeves causing no issue for his tattooed upper arms, the hem of the garment reaching to mid thigh. Tying the silken cord belt loosely, he reached for the smaller box, pulling away the ribbon and lid to reveal a pair of low heeled cream satin boudoir slippers, complete with fluffy feathery pom pom trim. No surprise, they fit perfectly when he placed

them on the floor and slid his feet in. A few practice steps confirmed to him that they were no different than pool sliders really, save for the fluff and the heel.

A quick splash of cologne and Wade felt ready. Taking a calming deep breath, he slowly opened the door back into the bedroom and stepped forward.

Sheamus had finished his call and was now seated on the armchair by the window, topped up glass in hand. He'd shed his jacket at some point, and dimmed the lighting in the room, making it feel a little cosier. Noticing the other man, he sat forward.

"Holy hell Wadeâ€¦!"

"Do I look ridiculous?"

Sheamus ran a broad hand across his beard, a gentle disbelieving chuckle spilling over his lips.

"Oh god...far from it...far, far from it lover."

Wade crossed the short distance between them, conscious of the subtle change to his gait caused by the satin mules. Coming to a graceful halt between the seated man's spread legs, he rested his hands on Shea's shoulders and ducked down pressing a quick kiss to his mouth.

"It's all so beautiful James, you really didn't have to splash outâ€¦!"

The redhead pulled on the cord holding the peignoir closed, hands delving underneath to encircle his boyfriend's waist.

"Hush...I meant it when I said only the best for my Mrs O."

The look of reverential adoration on Sheamus's face as he gazed up at Wade served to chase away any last wisps of doubt still lingering in the Englishman's mind, their banishment sealed permanently by the next words the Irishman uttered.

"Marry me Wadeâ€¦!"

"What?"

"Marry me. Be my Mrs O forever...or my Mr O. Hell, I'll gladly be your Mr B...just...just be mine for always...what do you say?"

"Yes."

"I know we've only been an item for a couple of months, but when you think about it, we've been together for...wait...what?"

"I said yes Sheamus."

"Yes?"

"Yes you bloody idiot."

A beaming smile plastered on his face, Shea's fingers crept to the middle of Wade's back, plucking at the ribbon bow that held the corset tight and loosening the lacings.

"I'm sorry lover, I don't have a ring or anything...I...I hadn't planned this, not for now anyway...but the way you were earlier tonight and the way you are nowâ€|"

"In that case, I take it back."

The smile vanished.

"I'm kidding! Good god Jamesâ€|I said yes, I meant yes. Let's maybe not tell everyone the exact circumstances of your proposal though, eh?"

Laughing and with the grin back in place, Sheamus's hands now moved to the front of Wade's loosened corset, unsnapping the hooks with suspicious ease. He volunteered the answer to the other man's question before he had a chance to ask it.

"I asked for tipsâ€|"

Wade's heart swelled with love at the thought of the burly man sitting in front of him, of his fiancÃ©, having lessons in the art of lingerie removal in the middle of a fancy boutique, just so he could do this right. So typical of his James.

As the basque fell away to the floor, Wade's hands found Shea's, pulling him to his feet, and slipping out of the mules, he began to move backwards towards the bed, the lace of the peignoir brushing against the back of his thighs. He slipped the robe off as his legs touched the mattress before easing himself on top of the covers and reclining against the pillows to watch Sheamus undress.

He didn't think he would ever tire of the sight.

The mattress dipped as Sheamus knelt between Wade's legs, never dropping eye contact as he spirited away the satin knickers that were the only barrier between their naked bodies. Dropping kisses along the younger man's chest, Shea worked his way up to Wade's mouth, two pairs of lips meeting in a soul-searing kiss.

Fumbling blindly in the nightstand drawer, Wade found the lube and pressed the bottle into Sheamus's hand, gasping into the kiss when the redhead's slicked hand wrapped around his dick, pressing it against his own as he stroked both together. Clinging to the older man, tanned arms wrapped around alabaster back, Wade's hips rocked against Shea's, the glorious friction sending ripples of pleasure through his body.

When his orgasm hit, it was almost without warning, the world vanishing into a flare of pure light as he spilled his release coating Shea's hand and splashing both their bellies. A few more strokes, aided by the wetness of Wade's cum and Shea too reached his climax, body shuddering in his lover's arms.

The newly betrothed pair laid side by side, basking in the afterglow, gazing into each other's eyes, tender smiles and tender kisses punctuating the murmured declarations of love.

Unable to ignore the discomfoting stickiness of the mess on his stomach, Wade pushed himself off the bed with great reluctance, not wanting to leave Shea's side for even the brief moment it took him to clean himself up in the bathroom and return with a warm damp cloth to wipe away the evidence of their lovemaking from his beloved's body.

"Thanks lover. You're too good to me."

"Nothing more than you deserve James."

Wade tugged the bedspread out from beneath Sheamus and draped it over the other man before gliding under and tucking himself into his arms. His mind drifted back to the plans for the next few days.

"I can hear you thinking again Mrs Oâ€|"

"Sorry, can't help it. I know it's for the best, but still...I'll miss working with you and the lads. Just promise me one thing..."

"Sure, What?"

"Go easy on the kick will you? I don't want to be going engagement ring shopping with a shiner."

End  
file.